

You're a strawberry and your wings are honey
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[M/M](#)

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[Dead Plate \(RachelDrawsThis Video Game\)](#)

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[Rody Lamoree/Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau \(Dead Plate\)](#)

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[Rody Lamoree \(Dead Plate\)](#), [Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau \(Dead Plate\)](#), [Marieanne "Manon" Vacher \(Dead Plate\)](#) (mentioned)

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You're a strawberry and your wings are honey

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

Vince discovers one morning that Rody has fairy wings and his plans have changed. He wants him alive and for himself.

- A translation of [Tu es une fraise et tes ailes sont du miel](#) by [MiaQc](#)

In the kitchen of La Gueule De Saturne, I'm keeping a close eye on the cooks when "ohhhhhh", "ahhhhhh" and other compliments are heard from the front of the bistro. Surprised by the joyous din, I leave the kitchen and my eyes widen.

Rody serves customers with a smile, as usual, but wings - translucent, honey-colored wings - are fused to his back. Fairy wings. I used to think Rody was handsome, but now I feel like I'm looking at a being of incomparable beauty.

My plan was to kill him and eat him, after making sure he ate his ex-girlfriend Manon's meat, but not anymore. Now I want to keep him alive. For me. For me alone.

"Vince?"

His voice brings me back to the present.

"Rody."

"Good morning!"

This is the first time I've seen him today.

"Good... morning... Rody, those wings..."

"Oh. You're not going to believe this, but I woke up this morning and there they were."

"Oh."

I keep looking at him. Him and his wings.

"Vince? You should go back to the kitchen. As you can see, I serve the customers well."

A pause. A silence.

"Alright."

I return slowly to the kitchen. Rody's wings seem to hypnotize me. Even back with the cooks, I'm not 100% focused on my work. I can't stop thinking about them and Rody.

At the end of the day, I ask Rody to meet me in my office.

"Yes, Chief?" he asks cheerfully.

"You were very happy today."

"Well, I was stressed this morning with those wings appearing out of nowhere, but when the customers started complimenting me and being happy, I became happy too."

"I see."

"I hadn't even thought of Manon! It wasn't in my habits. I work so hard for her... and she still doesn't answer my phone calls."

Hearing Manon's name, I stop myself from shouting at him.

"That girl dumped you, forget her!"

"I can't! She loves me, Vincent!"

"If she loves you, she wouldn't have dumped you. Let's change the subject. Your wings... do you think you can fly?"

"Fly... like a bird?"

"Yes."

"I haven't tried."

"Then what are you waiting for? That's an order!"

"Yes, Chief!"

Rody went from happy to tense in less than a second. I can scare him so easily.

Rody flaps his honey-colored wings faster and faster, then screams as his legs leave the ground.

"It's okay, calm down." I said.

"Ah ah! Watch this. I can float."

Rody smiles and if my heart could melt it would. He continues to soar until he reaches the ceiling.

"That's great, Vince, but how do I get down?"

"Uh... stop flapping your wings?"

Rody does this and falls to the ground. He doesn't get up. He's unconscious, but not hurt. I smile. It's perfect. I carry him to my apartment.

Now I'm preparing my ultimate masterpiece. Rody. My beautiful Rody. Laying on a part of my bed. Naked. His arms folded in a cross, tied. His legs spread, tied. His mouth forced open with a special gag. I found the key to the freezer in his work uniform. Naughty boy. Should I give him a theatrical surprise? Yes. I fetch Manon's locket from the freezer. I put it around his neck. Now all I have to do is wait for him to wake up. Yes. My Rody.

When he wakes up, his eyes, his beautiful eyes look everywhere and they lock onto me. On my naked body. That expression of pure terror. A delight.

"Hello, Rody. You're probably wondering what's going on, aren't you? Well..."

I fetch some lubricant and wet my fingers.

"As you can see, you can't run away. You belong to me, Rody. I killed Manon. That's her locket you're wearing."

I lubricate my penis while Rody's eyes fill with tears.

"I wanted you to eat her and then devour you, hoping to be able to taste again, but my plans have changed. I love you, Rody. I want you. You and... your wings."

His tears roll down his cheeks. I'm ready.

"Rody. You're a strawberry and your wings are honey. I'm going to savor you, my love."

His body struggles, like a storm, but he can do nothing against me. My fingers are on his flesh. I tear Manon's locket from his neck. I kiss his neck. I bite it gently. I hear Rody moan between cries. Divine.

I pinch his little nipples and lick them. I rest my head on his chest to breathe in his sweat.

"Ah~ Rody."

I lift my head and gently slide my penis over his chest then, as I stroke his red hair, force my manhood deep into his throat. Rody lets out a

cry as his cheeks turn red. I laugh.

"Oh, Rody, you're so handsome like that. Such a nice boy. You're going to drink what I'm serving you, aren't you?"

Rody, despite my cock, moans again and again. I moan with him as I pull out and enter my cock into him again. Again, again, again, again, again.

"AHHHH~ ROOOOOOOOOOODY!" I scream as I cum and my Rody swallows all my semen.

I pull my cock out of his mouth. Rody continues to cry. It discourages me.

"Ah, are you still thinking about your Manon? I'll make you forget her."

I find the crack of his ass and push three fingers in. Rody cries out in pain.

"You must think only of me! Love only me! Vincent Charbonneau!"

I grope his asshole with my fingers then lie down next to him.

"Let's sleep now, my little strawberry honey. Next time, I'll tie you up differently and my cock will fill your beautiful ass! I'll also take the time to touch, kiss, love your divine wings!"

I fall asleep to the sweet sound of my Rody moaning in despair.

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